

FRANK (SNR) 1 of 2

FLO

Basta! That's enough! Frank, say the blessing.

FRANK

\* Bless us, O Lord, for these...

FRANK, FLO, TONY & LINDA

...Thy gifts, which we are about to receive from Thy bounty. Through Christ, our Lord. Amen.

FLO

Come on, eat, eat. I got more pork chops, more spaghetti.

FRANK

What do you mean you got more pork chops? I'm out of work!

FLO

Yeah, well, as long as we got a dollar left, we eat good in this house.

FRANK

What?

FLO

Yea, I might even get a job myself.

FRANK

*(FRANK looks at her...then...)*

Like hell you will! Twenty-five years in construction work, I always brought home a paycheck. I'm out of work six, seven months 'cause they're givin' our jobs away to Juan and Julio, right? Payin' 'em nothin', cause they don't wanna pay us and now you hit me? You're talkin' back?

FLO

Alright, alright--

FRANK

You're talkin' about gettin' a job and hittin' me--

FLO

*(overlapping)*

Alright, that's it! No hitting, no slapping at the dinner table, okay? That's the rule.

*(beat...then to FRANK)*

FRANK (SNR) 2 of 2

FLO (CONT'D)

But you was the one that was hittin'...you!

FRANK

You never hit me before...never in front of the kids.

*(TONY takes another pork chop off the platter...FRANK snaps and grabs the pork chop with his hand off TONY's plate and slams it back on the platter)*

One pork chop! One!

*(a commotion at the table as everybody protests)*

FLO

Ay...Frank!

TONY

That's disgusting. That's sick.

*(FRANK slaps TONY again)*

Ay! Would you just watch the hair?

*(TONY takes a deep breath)*

You know, I work on my hair a long time, and--ya hit it.

*(beat...then to FLO)*

He hits my hair!

FRANK

Take care of his "hair." I'm goin' for a walk. \* \* \*

*(FRANK exits and the FAMILY sits in silence)*

FLO

Why you wanna upset your father?

TONY

Ma, don't start.